

My Girls

We were down by eleven with five thirty to go
Our team was proud at thirteen and oh
The odds were long, our team was cold
Deep down inside, I begged; “please don’t fold.”

Their team was tough, big and strong
This entire game, they could do no wrong
But we kept coming at them, we never quit
And finally, our shooting began to hit

We were down by five with three twenty to play
“Play harder, good defense” was all I could say
Our conditioning paid off, their legs grew weary
And with nine seconds to play, our huddle was teary

As I knelt in the circle, there was screaming in the stands
I looked up at “my girls,” they were all holding hands
“Don’t foul”, I cried, “please pressure the ball”
We sensed in our hearts, they were ready to fall

Back out to the court for one last free throw
We had outscored the giants thirteen to zero
We were champions again, look up at the score
But today we gained something worth much more

We have struggled, worked hard, and had some fun
But today was the day that we became one
I’ll remember your effort, your hustle, your grit
And proud of the fact, that this team never quit.

**Frank Allocco
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